I can no longer hold me patient,
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
*Glo.* Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
*Q. M.* But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the bloud of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounst against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
*Qu.* So iust is God to right the innocent.
*Hast.* O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
*Ri.* Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
*Dorf.* No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
*Buc.* Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
*Qu. Mar.* What? were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As our by murder, to make him a king.

Edward



Edward thy sonne, which
For Edward my son, whic
Die in his youth, by like v
Thy selfe a Queene, for m
Out liue thy glorie, like m
Long maist thou liue to w
And see another, as I see t
Deckt in thy glorie, as tho
Long die thy happie daies
And after many lengthen
Die neither mother, wife,
Riuers and Dorset, you we
And so was thou Lo. Hasti
Was stabd with bloody da
That none of you may liu
But by some vnlookt acci
*Glo.* Haue done thy cha
*Q. M.* And leaue out thi
If heauen haue any greeu
Exceeding those that I can
O let them keepe it till thy
And then hurle downe the
On thee the troubler of th
The worme of conscience
Thy friends suspect for tr
And take deepe traytors f
No sleepe close vp that de
Vnlesse it be whilest some
Affrights thee, with a hell
Thou elush market, aborn
Thou that wast seald in th
The slaue of nature, and th
Thou slaunder of thy mot
Thou loathed issue of thy
Thou rag of honour, thou
*Glo.* Margaret.
*Qu. M.* Richard. *Glo*
*Qu. M.* I call thee not.
*Glo.* Then I crie thee n

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.